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The Kenyon Collegian.

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EDITORS.

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WYLLYS HALL,

WARREN MUNGER, JR.,

J. F. OHL.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

STUDENTS have ever been noted for the warm-hearted sympathy and fraternal feeling which exists among them. It binds together not only those who are assembled beneath the walls of the same Alma Mater, but those also who are separated by mountains and plains, by the boundry lines of nations, even by the wide waste of waters. We see evidence of it in the Fraternities which have lately sprung into existence in the Colleges of our own country, and in the Burschenschaften of Germany, which, though now suppressed by a jealous and suspicious government, are a true exponent of what was and is the feeling which inspires the student youth of the Fatherland. And why should it not be so? The heart of youth is especially open to influences from without,—his soul goes forth eagerly to hold communion with kindred spirits,—experience has not taught him the bitter lesson of distrust, nor made him selfish and cold. From the time he enters his name in the matriculation books of his college, the student is separated from the world. Its pursuits are no longer his. The world is toiling for wealth and fame,—he professes to make the acqui-

sition of knowledge the sole object of his aim, to learn from the past lessons of wisdom, and explore the realms of science, impelled only by a love for the truth. It is but natural, therefore, that he should cherish these feelings of sympathy for those who are travellers on the same royal road with himself. In view of this, it may not be improper, in a magazine, the great majority of whose readers are students, to give a short sketch of the German Universities, their history, constitution, and their student-life.

It is generally acknowledged that the German Universities are superior to all others. They are the brightest jewels in the crown of Germany. No one can gain an insight into her genius and social condition without a knowledge of her Universities. They are the centres of her intellectual and literary life. In them originate all projects of reform,—all new systems and theories, whether of politics or morals. In them the Reformation had its origin, and not as in England among the bishops and princes. The best talent of Germany is collected in them, engaged in study and research, and in the performance of the duties of the professorships. All who wish to enter either of the learned professions must pass through a course of study at a University. The rich and the poor are alike partakers of the benefits they confer; and thus the door is left open to all who wish to attain to eminence, either in Church or State.

The Universities of Germany, many of them, date back their origin to a remote period. Yet they are not the oldest institutions of learning in Europe. The Universities of Paris, Oxford and Bologna, lay claim to greater antiquity. The University of Prague, the oldest in Germany, was founded in 1348. It is a Roman Catholic institution; and, like all the other Universities controlled by that church, does not take a very high rank in respect to influence and scholarship. Heidelberg was founded in 1386. It is better known in this country, probably, than any other of the German Universities. It was the alma mater of Melancthon; and at an early period became the champion of the Reformation. Heidelberg is now distinguished for its law school, which is the best in Germany. Leipzig was founded in 1409. It surpasses most other Universities in the department of philology. The city of Leipzig

is the most extensive book market in Europe. The editions of the classics there published are well known in this country. Tübingen was founded in 1477. Here the poets Wieland and Uhland studied, and from it have gone forth some of the most celebrated divines. Its school of philosophy is excellent. The infidel Strauss was connected with this University; and here he published his notorious book, "the Life of Jesus." Jena was founded in 1568. It was, in the early part of the present century, the birth-place of the Burschenschaft, an association of German students, whose object was to free Germany from foreign rule, and unite it again in one great empire. Göttingen was founded in 1734 by George II., King of England. It is a favorite place of resort for English students. Bancroft and Everett of our own country graduated there. H. Heine, who was expelled from the University, described the city as a place "famous for its sausages and its University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and has four classes of inhabitants, differing but little from each other, viz: students, professors, philistines and cattle, the last being the most important." The University of Berlin was founded in 1810. Though the youngest, it is the best of the German Universities. Some of the greatest masters of thought and learning of the present century have taught there. Among these may be mentioned the names of Neander, Tholuck and Hengstenberg theologians, Fichte and Hegel metaphysicians, Wolf the philologist and Encke the astronomer.

These are the most important of the German Universities: the whole number of Universities in the German confederation is twenty-six. Previous to the Reformation the charters of all Universities were granted by the Pope. After that period, and previous to the dissolution of the German Empire, they were granted by the Emperor; and since that time, by the rulers of the several principalities and kingdoms.

A University in Germany is made up of the four faculties of theology, philosophy, law and medicine. At the head of each faculty is a Dean, who assumes this station by reason of seniority in professorship. He presides at examinations and disputations, and confers the academic honors. The Rector, the chief officer in the University, is chosen annually out of the whole body of professors. He presides at the meetings of

the Academical Senate, which is composed in some cases of all the professors, in others of representatives from each faculty. The Academical Senate makes decrees, adopts measures for the proper carrying out of the statutes of the University, proposes additions and amendments to the same, and appoints the professors and other officers. The proposed additions or amendments are adopted, and the appointment of professors are confirmed by the council of State, or persons appointed for that purpose. The laws of the University extend themselves to the relations between students and professors; they also define the penalties for the peculiar offences of students, as duels, tumults, drunkenness, secret combinations, etc. The power of executing these laws and imposing penalties, resides in the Amtmann of the University, together with the Rector and Senate. The *consilium abeundi* is the severest punishment they can inflict. It generally continues a year, but may be extended indefinitely. The minor offences are punished by confinement in the University prison. Beadles are maintained for the administration of the laws. The chief beadle has the care of the prison, which is in the upper part of his house. Here the student who has been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of the "powers that be," is incarcerated. His lot is not as hard, however, as may be imagined. He is allowed to attend lectures; and by the aid of books and visits from his companions, can make the time pass on right pleasantly; or if these privileges be denied him, he can remain in bed and draw consolation from his meerschaum. The laws may take from the student all other prerogatives, but they cannot take away his pipe.

There are three classes of professors,—the ordinary, the extraordinary, and the *Privat-docenten*. All professors receive a fee from the students for their course of lectures. In addition to this, the ordinary professor receives a fixed salary from the funds of the University. The extraordinary professor receives a small income, and is not entitled to a seat in the Senate. The *Privat-docenten* have no official connection with the University, and depend for support upon the lecture-fee of their hearers. The German Universities are distinguished from those of this country and England by the lecture system, which is exclusively adopted by them. Nothing is taught by reci-

tations. The student is not compelled to attend lectures, but enjoys unbounded liberty. The love of study and knowledge is supposed to be a sufficient incentive to exertion; and where this is wanting, no system of drill and compulsion will avail anything—it will never make scholars.

The auditorium or lecture-room of each professor is generally in the Academical buildings, but sometimes in his own house. It is furnished with benches and long, narrow desks. Here at the appointed hour students collect; and when the professor enters each one seats himself at a desk, fastens into it his ink-horn, provided with a sharp point for that purpose, and spreads out before him his portfolio. The professor mounts the rostrum and begins his lecture, speaking either extempore or from notes. The moment he commences, his words are accompanied by the sibilation of pens moving swiftly over paper. Some write down nearly the whole lecture, others only the most important parts. For three-quarters of an hour the lecture continues; then the clock strikes, the professor descends from the rostrum, the students close their portfolios; and all depart, some to other lectures, others to their respective places of abode.

The student, on the street, may always be recognized by the *mappe* under his arm, by the frock-coat of a peculiar cut, and the little cap set lightly on the head. With a bold, self-possessed and often haughty carriage he passes on, as though indifferent to the attention which he well knows he attracts. The Burschen wear their hair long, and have done so from time immemorial. Until recently jack-boots, spurs and a sword formed an indispensable part of the student costume; but these are worn now only on festive occasions.

At his room the student replaces the frock-coat with a loose morning-gown, and, lighting his pipe, betakes himself to study or meditation as his fancy dictates. Everything in the room shows that Burschen understand well the art of living. It is true, books and papers, pipes and musical instruments, are scattered around somewhat confusedly;—there certainly is not the same appearance of neatness and elegance one would expect to find in a lady's boudoir; still everything is comfortable. There are chairs, book-shelves and a sofa, a writing-desk, a study-table and another table on which are placed a study-lamp and apparatus for drinking and smoking,—a *Deckel-*

glass, tobacco-casket, spill-vase, Pope and Fidibus. On the walls are suspended the portraits of friends, rapiers and pipes—all decorated with the colors of the chore to which the student belongs; and around the looking-glass, perhaps, are ribands of various colors and faded garlands,—sad mementoes of departed friends.

There is a song which thus describes the daily life of the German student:

Morning to the lectures go; nine-pins in the evening;
Early, in old house-coat; not till late our toilet made;
To commers then haste away,
For there's pawked in a Fox to-day.

* * * * *
So we hold the commers here,
Jolly still with wine and beer,
For we are but young once, in our life so fleeting.

The Commers and the customs connected therewith, form the characteristic features of German student life. The chores are unions of students, and have adopted the name of one or other of the German States, whose colors they have also adopted as their own. Membership in any chore is not confined to those students who are from the particular State whose name it bears. At the head of the chore is the *Senior*. During his term of office he possesses almost unlimited power. Next to him is the *Zweiter Chargirte*. He is the war-minister of the chore. The *Dritte Chargirte* is the finance-minister. The officers of all the chores together form the *Senioren Convent*. This body passes resolutions to which all the students of the University are obliged to submit. It lays the bann upon all who may offend it, whether students or citizens, and even upon the University town. The *Chore Convent* is a meeting of the Chore-Burschen of each chore. It is held weekly; and in it the affairs of the chore are discussed and resolutions passed. The members of each chore assemble every evening at their Kneip-house, to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse and good-fellowship. In the Kneiping-hall is a long table running the length of the room, along which the members of the chore are seated. At the head of the table is the President, with a drawn sword in his hand, the badge of his authority. Striking with it upon the table, he commands "silentium." It is the signal for the opening of the feast. The President selects from

the commers-book a song; and then goes on singing and drinking in regular succession. Beer and wine circulate freely,—wit and jest more freely still. Then, too, is fought the beer-duel, and challenges are given to the duel with the sword. At a late hour the revel closes, the sober bearing away those whom affection for beer has overcome.

The Commers differs from other festivals in the singing, at its close, of the noble Landsfather or Consecration song, and is divided into the general and special Commers. In the General Commers all the chores take part. They are held at the opening and close of each session. At the Entrance Commers the freshman is initiated into his student-life, and becomes a Fat Fox. At the same time the Fat Foxes, who have been connected with the University one session, are made Brand Foxes; and the Brand Foxes are advanced to the dignity of Burschen. At the Farewell Commers is sung the "Travel Song." The special commers is held upon the birth-day of the Land Prince, or the Foundation-day of the chore. At these times it is customary to make an excursion to some neighboring village, where several days are spent in feasting.

Much fault has been found with the excessive beer-drinking of German students. It should be remembered that the beer of Germany is mild,—far superior to the product of the brew-house denominated beer in this country. He who is injured by it must have an exceedingly weak constitution. And because some have injured themselves by excessive drinking is surely no reason why beer should no longer be drank as a beverage. Water has been the death of many a man before now; yet no one, for this reason, refuses to quench his thirst with the "pure, cold water." The German student, in one of his songs, gives the following reason why men should become "tee-total" beer drinkers, and water should no longer be drank:

"Because there hath been drowned therein,
All sinful beasts, and men of sin."

But whether beer is a proper drink or not, it is surely far better than whiskey, the favorite liquor among American students; and the scenes which are enacted in the Kneip-house may favorably be compared with those which might but too often be witnessed in the colleges of our own land.

The duel is the most distinctive feature of the student-life in Germany. It is closely connected with the chore system. Each chore has an armory, containing swords and defensive armor,—everything necessary in the duel. The weapons which each of the principals uses are those of the chore to which he belongs; or if he is not a member of a chore, he hires the weapons of that chore to which he has attached himself as friend. The technical name for a challenge is, “Dummer Yunge.” Thus to send or give a “Dummen Yungen,” is equivalent to sending or giving a challenge. “The student seldom fights because he is insulted, but insults because he wishes to fight.” Sometimes at the *Allgemeine*, or general meeting of all the chores, one chore challenges another; and the duel is fought out between them, man with man. On the same occasion, when a challenge is given and accepted between two students who bear special enmity towards each other, the friends of each rally around him,

“And challenges by scores are seen,
Because the wit is very keen.”

Each principal is conducted by his second and witness to the place of meeting. Here he is clothed in his duel armor, consisting of a cap to protect the head, a tall cravat protecting the throat and lower part of the face, a quilted cover for the arm, and the *paukhosen* or duel trousers, reaching up to the breast, and made of leather of uncommon thickness. Thus only the breast and upper part of the face are left exposed. The duel generally fought is one of twenty-four rounds with a conclusive wound,—a wound not less than two inches long and skin deep. When such a wound is given the duel is ended, though the twenty-four rounds be not completed. Serious consequences rarely follow the duel when thus fought.

The German student songs deserve particular notice. These are very many, and are the peculiar property of the student,—no one else being allowed to sing them. Of course some of these are better than others; yet the most of them are very beautiful, and of a high order of poetic merit. How could it be otherwise, when they are, many of them, the productions of Goethe, Schiller and Uhland? Song is an indispensable element in every ceremony and festival of the Burschen-life. Alone as well as in the company of friends does the student

sing; and Love, Wine, Friendship and Fatherland are the themes which he delights to commemorate in song.

Thus passes on the joyous student-life; and from this life go forth the men who mould the destinies of Germany,—the men who fill her pulpits, her professorships, and who compose her cabinets of State.

The German student, perhaps, is guilty of many follies:—let us attribute these to the buoyant and care-free spirit of youth. But let us admire in him whatever is noble and manly. We will then find much to admire.

Jos M. Buck

IN IMITATION OF TENNYSON.

Oh! there's a grief too strong for words,
A sorrow which can ne'er be spoken,—
An agony which none can know,
Save him, alone, whose heart is broken.

In Memoriam

F. T.

OBITU 1856, AETAT. 22.

I.

THE winds in mournful cadence sigh,
The yellow leaves fall thick around,
And rustle sadly o'er the ground,—
Dark driving clouds shut out the sky.

I stand alone amid the place
Where arrogance is lost, and pride,—
Where rich and poor sleep side by side,
Silent, and wrapt in one embrace,

And think of him whose name I see
Deep graved upon the marble cold,—
Of him with whom, oft-times of old,
I gaily wandered o'er the lea.

With whom (a brave companion) I
Was wont to eon the musty tome,—
By river-bank, at eve, to roam,
And watch the waters rushing by.

II.

And is he DEAD, he whom I love?
And faded all those youthful dreams?—
O God, how very strange it seems
To sleep so long, yet never move!

DEAD! There are hearts that throbbed, I trow,
With wildest joy, when he was near,—
Hearts which still hold his memory dear,
But which are almost pulseless now.

DEAD! And the marble, cold and white,
Stands grimly there to mark the place
Where, in his early manhood's race,
He nobly fell: God, was it right?

III.

I hold it truth that man must weep,
That grief must dim each loving eye,—
Nor stop to ask the reason why
We cannot all, in dreamless sleep,

Forget our sorrows: for the rod
Which smites, but chastens us in love,
And only aims our Faith to prove,
And brings us home, at last, to God.

And yet full oft this heart of mine
Sees naught beyond the present pain,
And counts but loss all future gain,
So ready is it to repine.

God! ere in death I close my eyes,
Let me the cross with patience bear,
That I the crown with joy may wear,
In blissful fields beyond the skies.

IV.

A gallant vessel, bravely manned,
Went sailing forth to distant seas,—
Went driven forth by stern decrees,
To perish wildly on the strand.

And while the loving hearts, at home,
Grew sad and sadder as each day
And week and month passed swift away,
Waiting for those who would not come,

Far down among the ocean caves,
Mid rarest gems and coral groves,
Where mermaid-queen in sadness roves,
Those mariners had found their graves.

Then shadows dark began to creep—
Around the fireside, and the tears
Were wiped away; for hopes and fears
Departing, left no strength to weep.

V.

So went he forth, the true and brave;
And there were those who watched and prayed
For his return; still he delayed:
Still waved the grass above his grave.

Such shadows o'er the household fell;
Such mournful silence settled down,
Stifled each sob, and hushed each moan,
Each sigh for him they loved so well.

VI.

The traveler, weary of the way,
Pauses at times, and turns to gaze
Back through the distant dreamy haze,
Where pleasant phantoms start and play,

And strains his eye, once more to view
Familiar scenes, then, ere the light
Goes out, and falls the robe of night,
Hastens his journey to renew.

So stand I now, in this my doubt,
And peer into the shadowy past,
In trembling hope that I at last—
I know not how—may find him out.

I stand and call—I know not why—
Then shudder, like a guilty thing,
When, through the dusty archways ring
The wailings of my troubled cry.

But thus I cannot haste away,—
The road grows dark, my path I've lost,
And like the sailor tempest-tossed,
I wait, with fear, the coming day.

VII.

Are these things real, and what they seem?
Am I alive,—do "I" exist?
Or is it all a shadowy mist,
"The baseless fabric of a dream?"

Had I in truth, as erst it seemed,
A friend by whose brave side I moved,
The music of whose voice I loved,
Whose face with truest friendship beamed?

I doubt my very self, and cast
Defiance on each thought of yore,
And, cursing all I've known before,
Forever seek to drown the past.

No world, no sun, no sky, no thought!
I'm free at last: the truth I've found!
No lie shall longer hold me bound,—
I crush the falsehoods early taught.

VIII.

Alas! the shadows deeper grow,
And stalking grimly, linger still.
No stern resolve, nor strength of will,
Can drown the broken spirit's woe.

The wild delirium of to-day,
Is but the whirlwind rushing by,
Which for a moment hides the sky,—
Nor drives the spectral forms away,

But only in a deeper shade
Conceals their movements; lurking near
Unseen, with strange and tenfold fear,
Their footsteps fill the soul dismayed.

IX.

Why do we shun the truth, and deem
It wrong or child-like to reveal
What things the spirit doth unseal
In sleep, and say, "'twas but a dream?"

A dream! 'tis only when the light
Is gone, and mind is free to roam
'Mid regions where no earth may come,—
Only in dreams we see aright.

Last night I looked upon his face,
 And listened to that same loved voice!
 He bade me mourn not, but rejoice,
 And follow to a BETTER PLACE.

I may not tell the words he spake,
 Nor how I urged him still to stay,—
 Nor how he lingered till the day
 Began o'er eastern hills to break.

He taught me things ne'er heard before,—
 And promised oft to guide my way
 To realms of happiness and day,
 And lead me to the blissful shore.

X.

I mourn him yet, but oh! the grief
 Which yesterday transfixed my breast
 Has given place to calm and rest,—
 And doubt is lost in sweet belief.

I mourn him yet, but now no more
 My tears are those alone of pain;
 I hope to meet him once again,
 For he's "not lost, but gone before."

I mourn him yet, but now I know
 The grave holds only kindred dust,
 That REIGNS he there, the good and just,
 And beckons still to us below.

I mourn him yet, but soon the song
 Of joyful victory shall rise,—
 When round the THRONE above the skies,
 WE BOTH shall join the white-robed throng.

W. Hall

EDUCATION.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with a handful of flowers in the green and daisy meadow—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with humming-bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts that are uttered in sweet and kindly tones, and words that mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the perception of all good in God himself.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SENIOR.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your Philosophy."

SHAKESPEARE.

"No royal road to Geometry!"
Ha! ha! Isn't there though?"

OLD PLAY.

WHETHER, when the wise Preacher declares, that "of the making of many books there is no end," he is hinting, with gentle hyperbole, at the difficulties and delays which, in his day, must have attended the issuing of a large edition of any individual publication, or whether, as most persons suppose, his remark has reference to the rapid multiplication of *new* books, I will not now stop to inquire. It is sufficiently evident that this latter interpretation, so far, at least, as our own time and country are concerned, is by far the most natural. It is perfectly astonishing how books are multiplied; and of the making of them there truly is and probably will be no end. Every town and village in the land has its "lean, lank and hungry" aspirant for literary fame (*yclept author*); also its press and its printer's Devil; and it is highly probable that so long as this sublunary sphere of ours continues to revolve, and its inhabitants continue to move and think, the said aspirant will continue to scribble, and the press and *Devil* will still be kept busy. It would seem, however,—and the idea has, no doubt, sometimes presented itself to the thoughtful reader,—that about all the available topics upon which books may be written, have been exhausted. We have, so it would seem, Histories, Biographies, works of Fiction and of Travel, with an almost endless list of *et ceteras*, concerning every event, person and country which the most imaginative of our race ever dreamed of. But no matter. The human mind is infinite. Moreover, every twenty-four hours add another day to the world's history, and furnish the book makers a new set or combination of ideas. I say *combination*, for it is by means of this, more than anything else, that books are multiplied. To explain: How many changes may be rung on a chime of bells? How many different combinations may be formed from

the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9? How many varieties of sound may be represented by the eight notes of the gamut? Then, how many octavo volumes may be manufactured by the aid of a very limited number of ideas, provided the writer have tact to combine them properly? How many pathetic *love stories* may be made from the very same adventures and the same "blood and thunder," with a moderate change of characters and dates, and a skilful shifting of scenes? Why, reader mine, I have the honor to know more than one dainty little sentimentalist of a fashionable young lady who has read, on the most moderate computation, a thousand or two "yellow-covered" and "thrilling" story books, and yet, whose knowledge comprises hardly the single art of *love-making*, in its various ramifications. And volume after volume may be written, telling over and over again the same story which is yet new each time. So it will be seen, no person possessed of the *cacoethes scribendi* need be under the slightest apprehension that an end can ever come to "the making of many books"—and as a necessary consequence, to his occupation—from lack of material whereof to make them. Besides there are still many subjects altogether untouched. One of these is so patent to all, and is moreover, of such importance to all the numerous and rapidly increasing class of *students*, at least, that it is surprising no one has seized upon it long since. I refer to the true *Philosophy of College-Life*, respecting which no single word, I believe, is found in any of the books purporting to have been written for the use and benefit of students. Todd, in his "Students Manual," (a book which, in a less enlightened day than our own, was much thought of,) does indeed give some hints respecting what he considered to be the correct method of deporting one's self at college, and we must do him the justice to believe that he was sincere in what he wrote, and that he really did intend to benefit his readers. But Todd's views, it has long since been discovered, were radically unsound. Proceeding on the assumption that the objects of a collegiate course are to discipline and educate the minds of young men, he talks vaguely enough about "modest merit" and its "certain reward in the future," "preparation for the great duties of life," and a host of other things equally devoid of meaning.

Now although, strangely enough,—so great is the power of early teaching, and so deep-seated the veneration which some people have for all ancient manners and customs—these opinions still find some staunch advocates, yet what Sophomore does not know that the objects of a college course, so far from being what good simple-hearted Mr. Todd, has represented them, are merely to furnish young men employment during that uncertain and unimportant period of their lives—from their seventeenth to their twenty-first year—to furnish them an opportunity for spending their father's money, and “sowing their wild oats,” and to send them back to their parents, at the end of the four years, *Diploma* in hand? The premises, then, upon which Todd sets out, having been found to be false, his “directions to students” cannot be other than valueless. It is to be hoped that some one capable of treating the subject as it deserves, will ere long, take the matter in hand, and furnish us with a “Student's Manual,” suited to the age in which we live, and containing such practical directions as will enable all young men of ordinary shrewdness and ingenuity to get through college in the easiest manner possible, and so to allow them to “make the most” of their four years, and, at the same time, to gain the customary amount of credit and distinction. For my own part, while modesty will always prevent me from attempting the work in question, I should deem myself recreant to duty, did I not give my younger brethren the benefit of my experience, and of the “observations” which I have been able to make during my “Collegiate Olympiad,” now well nigh completed. I shall therefore, with your permission dear reader—and yours, of course, Messrs. Editors of the Collegian—give a few practical hints, which I trust may not be altogether without value to the Freshmen and Sophomores of to-day and of the time to come.

First, I would say to all that as a great deal depends upon “first impressions” it is of the utmost importance that you come prepared, from the very day you enter, to act well your part. It will do much towards insuring you fine and easy sailing for your first and second years, to bring with you a complete set of *Bohn's Translations of the Classics*. The college boys call them “ponies,” and all are aware that it is easier and pleasanter far to *ride* than to walk. A careful and judi-

cious use of your "Translations," with perhaps a daily glance at the *notes* in "Anthon's series" and a five minutes' consultation of your Lexicon, will entirely do away with all necessity for study.

During your Freshman and Sophomore years you will probably be required occasionally to speak a "declamation" or perhaps to read an original essay. Your school compositions and declamations will answer every purpose. If you have none of these, you can select from the newspaper you receive from home, and which no one else at college ever looks into, any editorial or other articles which may strike your fancy. I never knew such performances to fail of receiving from the Faculty, the highest commendation. After you have arrived at the dignity of Junior (but, lest you should awaken suspicion, not till then) you may occasionally vary the exercises in this manner;—when required (as you will be) to deliver an original oration, write and commit to memory, say a dozen lines, upon any subject, then, when your name is called, boldly mount the rostrum, and with a grand flourish speak what you have written, and "*forget the rest.*" Proper caution is of course, necessary in this experiment, but for a few times, if well done, it succeeds admirably. Borrowing other persons speeches is also quite allowable, and in an emergency, will almost invariably prove satisfactory. It may be well, in this connexion, to remark, that by a proper selection of subjects for your rhetorical performances, you may very easily win for yourself the reputation of being a "genius," or of possessing a very extraordinary degree of talent. The *modus operandi* is perfectly simple. You have only to resolve to *differ* from nearly every one, in some of your opinions, which you must cautiously, but very firmly, advocate. The necessary arguments and reasons for the doctrines you wish to advance, you will readily find in some of the newspapers of the day, or, which perhaps is a little more prudent—in some of those musty old volumes, now out of print, to be found in every College Library. Ten to one the books, and as a consequence, their contents, will be new to the Faculty, in whose estimation it will be to your interest, of course, to endeavor to stand high.

With regard to those English branches which are studied during the Junior and Senior years, I have a few special re-

marks to offer. It is evident that in these there can be no "ponying;" but let not the young gentleman who has been "riding" up to this time, suppose for a moment that there is no "royal road" for him now. A little generalship will carry you through safely enough. If your study be Natural Philosophy or Astronomy, you can easily manage to borrow from some obliging member of the class in advance of you, note-books, explaining the method of doing all the problems, demonstrations &c. There are a thousand ways, almost, in which you can get along comfortably without much study. You can write *formulae* &c., in pencil upon the cuffs of your shirt, or upon a slip of paper which may readily be concealed in the sleeve of your coat, and so figure grandly at the black-board; or, when the lesson is particularly hard, you can, with the greatest ease, have had a head-ache the evening before, and so avoid failing, and at the same time keep your "grade" above the line of respectability. If you are to read Logic, Rhetoric, or Mental Philosophy, you can, before going into the recitation room, glance your eye over the pages, and manage to find some point in the lesson which will bear dispute. A little coolness, and a moderate degree of moral courage (brass) will enable you seasonably to bring this before the notice of your Professor, and, thanks to your skill in detecting what you pretend to (but do not) think fallacies or unsound reasoning, you will almost invariably escape all searching and troublesome questions.

"Doctors disagree," and college students ought to feel mighty thankful to them for so doing. The "Doctor" with whom your Prof. sides will of a certainty have numerous opponents in belief. Secure, by all means, the treatise of one of these, and at every convenient opportunity, offer his opinions in contradiction to those of the other. If the opinions you offer are received as your own, you get credit for "originality" and "wisdom beyond your years." If on the other hand, the source from which they are taken is known, you will still be commended for "research" and for possessing an "enquiring mind."

But the great triumph of your system will be when you come (if you do come) to study German. You will probably use "Woodbury's New Method," and to this a complete and perfect "Key" may be obtained from the publishers, (Messrs.

Iverson and Phinney, 178 Fulton Street, N. Y.,) for fifty cents. This will enable you to get a maximum grade on every "Aufgabe," though for prudential reasons you had better intentionally make two or three mistakes in, say one out of every three exercises. When you are in the class-room, you can easily secure a seat partially sheltered from the "Lehrer's" eye, and so with your book open before you, you can "possess your soul in peace." If you fail to get a high grade in German you may at once set yourself down as stupid.

I have thus somewhat hastily and of necessity in a very imperfect manner, indicated a few of the thousand means by the use of which a person of moderate tact and ability may get through college with credit to himself, and also without killing himself with study. You may expect to find among your classmates, some "croakers" who will talk about the "right" and the "morality" of the thing, and who will persist in making donkeys of themselves by going on in the old and beaten track, regardless of the inviting appearance of the more newly discovered and ingenious way you are pursuing. I would advise you as a friend, to have as little as possible to do with such persons. If you feel it to be your duty to remonstrate with them concerning their folly, do so manfully and earnestly; if they still remain obstinate, the blame be upon their own heads. Your way is pleasanter, and even if they should be graded higher (which is not probable) you will be regarded as a "genius" while they will only bear the reputation of being "plodding students" and "bookworms." Your Diploma will read as well as theirs, and what more could you desire? In addition to this, you will, in after time have the satisfaction of looking back to the years spent in college as the merriest of your whole life, and of amusing yourself by laughing at the recollection of your own cuteness in evading the sharp eyes of your instructors, and deceiving everybody so gloriously.

oh

A PAGE OF UNRECORDED HISTORY.

THE historian in reviewing the actions of his fellow-beings, is supposed to be placed in a position elevated above those whom he is describing, at a distance sufficient to enable him to view their actions, and yet not so great as to cause him to lose his interest in the various passions and motives by which they are actuated. The writer of this article claims to have been placed in this position; which situation he hopes, though his subject be one which might make any pen grow eloquent, will restrain him from giving more praise to the "fair sex" than they are able to sustain.

A change, gradual, yet swift in great results has been going on in the female world. A revolution has been commenced and ended. Though no blood has been shed, many hearts have throbbed with care and grief worse than death. Homes sacred to love have been desecrated. Women have become men, and men women, amid the clamors of a war, not of the cold sharp steel, but of tongues. Newspapers and Magazines have heralded its progress, and with an interest scarcely consistent with the situations of their editors, have cheered on discontented female humanity, that, in preference to suffering servitude, and slow destruction, under the Juggernaut of man's passions, they should die fighting bravely for "woman's rights,"—rights which for six thousand years have been trampled on with merciless tread. A low murmur, the more dangerous from its concealment, suddenly arose some years ago, and spreading rapidly through all classes, grew louder and hoarser, until a leader only was required to cause the complaint to burst forth, and like the swell of ocean, to overwhelm obdurate and hard-hearted man amid clamors, which for noise would emulate the roaring thunder, and for confusion that of Babel in olden times.

All hearts pay tribute to genius; and pens innumerable are ready to contribute to its praise, and record all the slight peculiarities by which it may have been distinguished in its course through the world. With such a feeling, and such a pen, we humbly approach the distinguished woman, to whose original mind and untiring efforts the revolution owes its put-break. Mrs. Bloomer's name will long be sung, as that of the most patriotic and magnanimous of her sex, while her deeds

will form the distinguishing characteristic of the present age. To her giant mind and indefatigable exertions, we owe the first step in the amelioration of "woman." Mrs. Bloomer was the inventor of the Bloomer costume. Her birth-place, like that of Homer, is enveloped in mystery. That she resided in Mt. Vernon, in Ohio, is established beyond all doubt. It was here that she formed her design of doing away with cumbrous drapery and supplying its place with the more commodious "pants." It was here that she struck the first blow against a custom, which had become almost sacred from duration. It was here that she furnished a glorious example of the truth of the proverb, that prophets and great men receive no honor in their own countries. Some author writes, "that people envious of the greatness of their fellows, and unable to rise to their distinction, endeavor to pull them down to their own station." This must have been the reason why Mrs. Bloomer received so little honor at her own home. At any rate her invention spread like wild-fire through the country, awakening the deepest feelings of the female world; and Mrs. Bloomer and her costume became the theme of every tongue. Crowds of anxious looking men might be seen lining the streets of the large cities to witness the wonderful production of genius. It has been whispered that the object of these individuals was to get a view of the pretty foot, which "peeping in and out," the costume disclosed. All honorable men however, will stigmatize the suspicion as an unmitigated falsehood, and will state the true reason, that it was fear which caused this anxiety, fear, lest their own wives should take their proper position in the social circle, and wear their husbands "pants."

It is a fact worthy of note that in every reformation, after a commencement has once been made, other reforms follow in quick succession. In this respect our revolution did not differ from others; a great step was made in advance. Societies having for their object the discussion of their rights, were openly organized by the fair sex. Old and young assiduously attended, and all were zealous in the furtherance of so just a cause. Of course we can place no reliance upon the reports industriously circulated, that many resigned in order to get married. It is wonderful to what a length malignity will proceed in throwing imputations upon the motives and characters

of innovators, even though they are patriotic. But to return from this digression. Orators likewise were sent abroad to proclaim these principles to all the world, and to declare the vast and constantly accumulating mass of injuries, which had been heaped upon women. Miss Lucy Stone, and others, traveled throughout the country, proclaiming with an irresistible eloquence, the hardships of "nursing babies, sewing on buttons, and housekeeping." With the exception of Miss Lucy they have all retired, to enjoy the fruits of their labors; but she has *married*, and in addition to giving an occasional address, is now showing to the world, how a woman should wear "pants" in more ways than one. Let everlasting honor be extended to so determined a defender of "woman's rights."

Addison, in the *Spectator*, describes two distinct races, one of Amazons, the other of men, who met once every year, and were bound by a league to assist each other, when either should demand aid. Even his imaginative mind could extend no further, than to the separation of the sexes. Could he have been suddenly transported to one of our large cities when Miss Stone was delivering an address, what would have been his astonishment at seeing the sexes directly opposed to each other? But how much greater would have been his amazement when he heard the musical voice, and saw the delicate form of a woman, attired in the wearing apparel of a man, not excepting the boots, and speaking sentiments which for eloquence and vivacity, far surpass the ablest of male orators. The report that what Miss Stone's speeches gained by the predominance of these two qualities was lost in their utter want of substance, has not been sufficiently substantiated. To return to Addison, his astonishment could only have been equalled by his admiration at the great advance which had been made in civilization. The invention of railroads and telegraphs, would have been regarded by him as nothing, in comparison with a costume so becoming and useful; and the beauty of the wearer would have put to flight all the fancied superiority in elegance, of his own age. We think, the name of the author who remarked that, "we admire a female orator as we do a dog standing on his hind legs, not because he does it well, but because he does it at all," should be covered with obloquy, and his works condemned to be burnt.

The next progressive step, was one of immense extent, an ascent from terrestrial to spiritual affairs. The ghost of Banquo, with its attendant horrors was entirely overshadowed. Simultaneously in all parts of the country, precluding the possibility of a premeditated plot, women were found who could not only raise departed spirits at will, but cause them to converse sensibly with any who should feel an interest in their welfare, in spirit land. In all ages there have been an abundance of witches, who could cause the bodies of the murdered and their murderers to appear in "visible form;" but to our own era was left the boon of witnessing more complete control of mind over mind. Perhaps there could not possibly be a better example of the etherial nature of the fair sex, whose control stops not with this world, but either descends to the infernal regions, or ascends on high to those of eternal bliss. After reaching this height in the scale of mind, the most natural inference would have been, that they would have remained in the glorious state of perfection to which they had attained. But—but, let us weep over the statement, their next step was to steel hoops. Yes! at one retrograding movement their whole ground was retraced, and for what in the beginning had been silken bands, were substituted those of iron,—bands which are destined to last forever, and which have laid in an eternal rest, the contending factions and warring elements of the two sexes. Thus ended this revolution. A revolution, the effects of which are seen in the "financial crisis" which proceeding from the immense addition to the expenses of the world in the cost of hoops and silk, has spread throughout the enlightened world.

Hancock

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

SUMMER's passed—I linger here,
Mute companion to a thought—
Of all joys which crown the year,
Richest is a friend unsought.

Light of May, with blessings, falls
On its lovely, happy head;
Sweet all day new pleasure calls
Where the blossomed meadows spread.

Friendship sets the price on years ;
Hence, a sadder tale it tells—
Smilings lost in sudden tears,
Hailings closed in faint farewells.

Ever forward move the days—
Rise of stars and set of sun,
Marked by gain of gold or praise,
Closing eyes, or life begun.

Ever onward moves our life,
In love-light which childhood sees—
Then the orchards—O! how ripe,
Bending with the tuneful bees.

Life is marked by words and looks
Kept in Memory's secret store,
Bearing in its course, like brooks,
Every whisper from the shore.

Pink

AN ANALOGY NOT IN BUTLER.

THE common teaching of the pulpit is that few of our race will be finally *saved*; and many *lost*. This doctrine has been objected to as inconsistent with Divine wisdom and goodness. It is said that men are not created simply to perish, or be lost forever. Even this extreme and unfair statement of the doctrine may be met and the objector silenced by a reference to an analogous state of things in the general creation and providence. It is very true that analogies do not prove anything, but they are valid material with which to silence objections. It is according to the analogy of things that few should be saved and many lost.

Such a *waste* prevails in all parts of Creation. It is very doubtful, as a late scientific work has shown, whether among all the heavenly bodies there is more than one world, our own, which is inhabited. The whole planetary system is then a waste. But one third of the earth's surface is land, and vast tracts of that are uninhabitable, polar and torrid zones, deserts bleak and wild, ice-fields forever "locked in cold and marble obstruction," mountain ranges and islands of the sea. Such is the waste upon our planet. It is hard with our present light

to receive the old dogma that nothing is made in vain. Whole generations, cities and kingdoms have passed away, and we can discern no useful purpose for which they have lived. Slow moving centuries in the past seem *lost time* even of the 6000 years of the historic period, to say nothing of the untold ages preceding that period—the eternities—which seem, if we may so speak, to have been idled away by the creating hand.

Whole tribes of noxious reptiles, insects, and plants seem to us made in vain—of no imaginable use. Whole species of the animal world are already extinct, whose office in advancing the world's good is to us wholly inexplicable. Of the flowers that bloom with such fragrance and beauty, how few bear seed or fruit? A multitude seem to have come forth from creation's womb only to blast and perish. Possibly man's present is only a blooming period with him.

Of seeds, how few that mature ever germinate, though the delicate germ is so carefully enfolded in them all. The thistle furnishes a cloud of possible thistles, yet comparatively few actual ones. A single elm produces 1,580,000,000 germs or seeds, more perhaps than the present number standing on our globe. In all, the germ is perfect; on every one lost, as much creative wisdom, power and skill was expended as upon those which actually germinate. Possibly man's present is only a germinating stage of his being. It seems as though the Creator was constantly making things in vain, and some even worse than in vain. The possible fertility of some noxious vermin and insects is alarming.

All females are stocked with innumerable ovules which simply end in being ovules. A single fish will furnish 200,000,000 of ova, eggs or possible fishes, yet how few ever come to perfection? how immense the waste! The sporules of fungi, so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, are universally diffused through the atmosphere. A single individual produces 10,000,000 of them, and the larger part only perish. How immense the waste of creative skill and power there? There is a greater waste of creative design and skill in the destruction of our ovum or germ than there would be in the loss of a planet.

It has been well said "The rudiments of things far outgrow the number of things that out-grow their rudiments."

Vitality frustrated is far more copious than vitality consummated. A single case of success among a vast number of failures is the order of nature." If then a portion of our race, evidently in its rudimental state, should perish, it will not be any thing out of the analogy of things in the midst of an exuberant creation, much of which, so far as we can see, is but *waste* or *loss*. Of course it will not do for us to say that all these things are made in vain, but they certainly seem quite as much, so as man's final destruction can be shown to be.

If, however, it be said, that the strength of the objection lies rather against *endless suffering*, than the idea of mere *waste* or *loss*, still the analogy of things may be used to silence the objector. Consider that *pain* is already a fact as old as our world, and as wide as our race; and if the teachings of geology may be relied upon as much older, its terrible history runs far back of man's origin or sin's existence." On the geological hypothesis, the past history of the world for innumerable millions of ages presents the aspect of a wilderness of death; and the earth, in Miller's striking language, becomes "a great city of the dead—the burial place of all that ever lived in the past—occupying with its ever extending pavements of grave-stones, and its ever lengthening streets of tombs and sepulchres, every region opened up by the geologist and crowded with dead individuals, dead species, dead genera, dead creations." A vast number of these creatures, mild and harmless in their nature, died in circumstances of severe and protracted torture. It has been forcibly said there is "a Waterloo in every drop of water." If these are the works of God and such a history of *pain* and *death* consistent with creative and preserving goodness, who shall say eternal pain may not be? The sufferings of an infant of days confound all our speculations upon this subject. This is not a world of absolute but disciplinary goodness, which is consistent with the mingling of good and evil which we see around us. It does not follow that when the time shall come to separate good and evil suffering must cease. "I find" said a dying skeptic "that God whom I have regarded as all mercy and loving-kindness is visiting me with great sufferings; and I have thought that he who is the author of such intense and protracted *pains here* may visit me with *endless sufferings hereafter*." The fact is, as Whately has it, "why

the wicked should exist at all, and why pain at all, are as much mysteries and as hopelessly inexplicable as that any should finally be lost or eternally suffer," and until we have solved the mystery of the actual and admitted facts of the worlds past and present, we need not stumble at mysteries involved in the possible future of our being.

If the worth of the soul, great as it is, should be still objected: analogy does not here fail us. The proportion of *waste* is much less probably in the kingdom of mind than elsewhere; yet it cannot be denied that the world's past history is strewn with intellectual ruins: mental force and actual toil wasted and worse than wasted. Interesting and valuable forms of life and most marvellous designs all come to nought. The waste of mind is immense. It does not seem absurd in the analogy of things then, to conclude that the soul in spite of all its higher, nobler attributes may perish. Such are the analogies which, though not in Butler, should silence objection and go to confirm this grave doctrine of the pulpit.

Bulhouse

OUR STOVE AND WE.

It is a gloomy winter afternoon. Come with us to the window and watch the naked branches projected upon the bleak sky; see the withered grass and frozen ground patched here and there with snow. Now and then a solitary leaf or stray snow flake comes whirling down, and peals of wind music like the strains of some mighty mass, float wierdly along. Slowly over the spirits creep sombre shadows and fancies; the world seems dark; and we are sad and sick at heart.

But within—oh how cheerily crones the little stove, and as the door is opened, the knotted maple glows and blazes in our very face, and throws out a kindly halo upon the carpet and chair. The frozen sod without, and those dead leaves clustered in the lonely corners of the forest are forgotten, and happy thoughts wander through the mind.

Now that our fire has partly burned down, the coals beam and radiate upon all sides their genial warmth. Away amid the interstices of the mass are strange figures and grotesque

faces changing and shifting like phantasmagoria ; now weird and shadowy, now stern and distinct, now like ancient Silenus beaming with good fellowship, and now fading away into obscurity and ashes. As we gaze, and as the mind passes into the shadowy domain of reverie, when as in the golden Indian Summer a mellow radiance softens and gilds the grim outlines of reality and throws over all things a haze of indistinctness, come memories of childhood, of sunny days in the past, until, through the mysterious power of association, we see before us the scenes of earlier days.

How vividly to the imagination comes the remembrance of that old home, that quiet spot among the hills. Again as of old we sit in the familiar kitchen of the homestead, and gaze into the great fire-place, where in winter a mighty pile of hickory crackled and blazed, where in summer, like the blackened entrance of some forest cavern, it was festooned with boughs of evergreen and dogwood. How often did we, when twelve years had not passed over us, in the long evenings of winter, watch the flicker of the flaming logs, and listen to the sigh of the wind as it shook the windows or whirled a shower of glittering sparks from the black chimney, and how often did we stand with face pressed against the pane and gaze at the lights which reflected from within seemed for off amid the darkness without. Then when the evening labors had been finished and those for the morning planned ; after the pitcher of cider marshalling a goodly host of doughnuts had been placed upon the table ; and after the walnuts we ourselves had gathered in the autumn—shouting until the crimson forests echoed again—had been brought from the furthest corner of the distant loft ; we listened to the stories which were told, sometimes of home, sometimes of other lands, sometimes of strange occurrences at midnight, or in lonely church or graveyard. Swiftly passed away the hours, and when the tall closet-clock in the corner told ten o'clock, and excited with foolish fancies, we took back the remaining nuts, how stealthily did we tread the echoing floor of the old garret, and tremble as the flickering candle threw strange shadows upon beam and rafter, or when the over-hanging oak stirred by the wind dragged its branches with a hollow sound over the shingles.

And then in the summer—memory pictures the scene again

—we brought to the weary mowers pure cold water from the spring in the woods, and while the file of sturdy laborers slowly circled the field, extended beneath the great maple, watched the glimpses of sky that shone between the parted foliage, or the great clouds that like ice-bergs in the blue waters of some polar sea, came sweeping out of the horizon. That forest spring—would that with the same feelings as of old, we might again stoop over its surface, and disturbing the pure water watch the tremulous, half distorted face it reflected back. Away in its depths, under a waving tassel of water moss and flanked by a round stone, lived a frog. A great emerald backed fellow he was, with eyes so large and liquid that we made him hero of many a fairy tale, and imagined him a golden haired prince or sunny eyed maiden, transformed by the magic wand of some powerful magician, or perhaps, the guardian himself of that mossy fountain. Many an hour did we gaze into his dark eyes, and think over the strange stories we had read of enchantment and fairy land, or in more mischievous mood, stirring up his unsuspecting frogship with a long read.

As we glance to the window we see that the sky has become still more overcast, and a driving sleet rattles upon the panes; but even this awakens an echo in the halls of memory. We sleep again through the summer nights in the rude loft of the homestead, and—listen as the sleet falls against the glass more violently—do we not hear the beating of the night showers upon the roof close over our head, and the rustling of the oak leaves against the tall chimney, that in the darkness long ago, threw over us mysterious fancies and wild imaginations.

But our fire has burned nearly out. Let us draw together the coals and heave in this huge cylinder of shaggy hickory. How it roars and crackles as the flames clamber over it. As the shell sings of the sea and gives to the ear hollow murmuring of wave and shore, it tells of some conflict with the wind, long ago, when it stood with its brethren in the forest. Shut your eyes and you can hear the groans and wailing of the trunks as they sway, and as their boughs bend before the wind.

“And now they are shaken from flank to flank,
And a million arms wildly toss in air;
And blow upon blow from the close set rank,
Hurl back the baffled assailant there.”

"Hoarse echoes along their howling rage,
And the wild war cry of the furious blast,
And the groans of the maples as they engage,
And the crash of the riven oak headlong east."

But the clouds have passed away and the sun tips every twig and bough enamelled by the sleet with glittering lustre. Our fire too, blazes up most energetically and seems to say—"dream no longer." Stern duties of life are before thee. Perform them manfully. They too will soon be of the past, and memories of delight or sadness—according as thou dost discharge them—will attend thy future years.

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THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 36.]

THE grounds and the tone of the opposition which met the Bishop in New York, were too well adapted to engender an angry indignation in his stout and independent heart, but the presence of his beloved son, emaciated with disease, and like his sainted mother, remarkable for meekness and gentleness as for firmness and dignity, was to the Bishop's temper what oil is to angry waters. It soothed and mollified him, and enabled him to treat the opposition with calmness and dignity. He himself thus notices the happy influence:—"His approaching end was deemed an affliction. It was indeed so in the sense designed; but as a regulator in the hands of God of the perturbed passions of a parent's breast, at that time, it was a blessing. Like oil, it softened all and smoothed all, so that the waves subsiding, the eye of faith could see far away ahead what would be the result of peaceful measures designed for the glory of God." In this spirit the tract we have mentioned was written in the sick chamber of that interesting and beloved son, and with no candid and unprejudiced mind did it leave any room for opposition to the object and enterprise which it advocates.

The 1st of October, the day upon which the Bishop was to embark for England, came, but so fierce and decided was the opposition of Bishop Hobart, that but one solitary clergyman

had independence enough to accompany Bishop Chase to the steamboat that was to take him to the ship which lay out in the harbor all ready for her voyage. Mrs. Chase and Philander, by carriage, reached the landing at Whitehall to take leave of the husband and father; the solitary but kind and brave hearted clergyman walked with the Bishop. The Bishop had asked the prayer for one going to sea, but even this was denied him. The parting scene was soon over, and the Bishop embraced his son for the last time. He was soon on board his ship, and in a few hours out upon the Atlantic with the ardent hopes of success with which he had left Ohio sadly clouded over by the opposition which met him in New York. "All the passengers," he wrote, "seemed happy, and the writer tried to feel so; but the remembrance of what he had left behind—his sick son, his anxious wife, his helpless children, his suffering diocese, and his angry friends!—and when he looked over the waters he knew not who, if any, would welcome him with their greetings; but he was well assured none would attempt to drive him from the English shores, for from his own lips he heard the promise. The voyage was tedious and stormy, and just as they hoped it was closing, a fierce storm drove them back from the pilot ground and well nigh consigned their ship, with foam for their winding sheet, to a grave in the Irish Sea. How much the Bishop was affected by what had transpired in opposition to his enterprise; where he found his comfort when a sea grave yawned before him; and the sprit of his soul under his troubles we learn from a letter to his wife written on ship-board:—"Last Sunday a week ago, we were visited with a gale amounting almost to a tempest. At such a time, how precious the promises in Jesus Christ! How they fix and settle the soul, and take even from death his terrors! I know not how it is, but the troubles I have lately met with have seemed to reconcile me, more than at any former period of my life, to the will of God, should it please him to call me from this to the eternal world. Yet sure I am that I do not love the Church of Christ, nor my relatives and friends, the less on this account. No, they are dearer to me than ever; and my prayers for their happiness were never so fervent. But it seems I am not needed. My best endeavors turn to little good purpose. I am opposed

as an evil doer, where I thought I was serving most effectively the will of my Saviour. This is to remind me of my frailty, my weakness, my nothingness. I therefore would submit. Thy will, not mine, O God, be done! And though this be by death 'Thy will, O Heavenly Father be done!' Amen." It was the 3d of November before they got safely into dock at Liverpool and on the 4th he set off by Mail coach for Manchester. He had a nephew, Benjamin Chase, residing in Manchester and an old college and intimate friend, Mr. T. Wiggin, within a mile or two of the city. On reaching Manchester he learned that his nephew had crossed to France on business and taking a coach he rode out to see his old friend. Mr. Wiggin was a man of large estate, with a beautiful home and lovely family. They received the Bishop with the utmost cordiality, kindness and hospitality, and insisted that he should make their house his home. They introduced him to the leading clergymen of Manchester and took a deep interest in his mission. The only letter of introduction which the Bishop had brought with him, and indeed that he had been able to procure, to England were two from the Hon. Henry Clay, one to Lord Gambier and the other to one of the heads of the celebrated House of Baring & Co. Both were of essential service to the Bishop, particularly the one to Lord Gambier. As the whole of Bishop Chase's success in England is owing, under God, to his introduction to this honored nobleman, we copy here the letter which he bore from Mr. Clay:

LEXINGTON, Ky, Aug. 20, 1813.

MY LORD:—

I beg leave to introduce to your Lordship the Rev. Philander Chase, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio, who visits England on some object connected with the prosperity of the Church. Mr. Chase is a learned, pious, and highly esteemed clergyman, deserving of all kindness and civility. I hope it may be convenient to allow him the honor of the acquaintance of your Lordship, for whose character he has a high regard.

It has been some time since I had the pleasure of hearing directly from your Lordship; the last time, I think, was through my friend, poor Lounnes, who has since paid the debt of which we have all to discharge. I pray you, nevertheless, to believe

that I still cherish those strong sentiments of esteem and respect for your Lordship which were excited during our acquaintance in Europe ; and that I have the honor to be, faithfully,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

LORD GAMBIER, &c., &c.

At the urgent instance of Mrs. and Mr. Wiggin the Bishop spent several days to rest at their comfortable and hospitable home, to talk over his whole project with them and others of influence to whom they would take pleasure in introducing him, and to arrange his plans for the future. Mr. Wiggin proved a judicious, generous and ardent friend.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The drummer, from his grave,
At midnight seeks the ground ;
And drumming up and down,
Parades around and round.
Right fast his fleshless arms
The rolling drumsticks beat,
To sound the brisk reveille,
The charge, and the retreat.

And as the drum gives out
Its wild and awful sound,
The dead old soldiers rise
From slumbers under ground ;
Those frozen into stone,
In deepest northern snows ;
Those who, beneath the sun
Of Italy repose,
Those hid in slime of Nile,
Or in Arabic sand,
All start up from their graves,
And take the sword in hand,
And wakes the trumpeter,
When midnight shadows frown ;
And blows a stirring blast,
And gallops up and down.
And forth, on airy steeds,
Dead riders swiftly pass

The veteran bands of blood,
With arms of every class.
Forth, from the helmed skull,
Gleams out the spectral eye,
And waves, the bony hand,
The flashing sword on high.

Then comes, at midnight hour,
The General from his grave,
Encircled by his staff;
The bravest of the brave;
Upon his charger white,
He slowly rides his way;
He wears a little hat,
A riding suit of gray.

The moon, with golden light,
Illumes the spacious plain.
He of the little hat
Surveys the martial train;
Which, at his bidding, shook
The world with war's alarms.
The ranks, at his approach,
Present and shoulder arms.
Then all the army files
Along with clanking sound;
The marshals and the chiefs
Their general close surround.

The leader breathes a word
Into his neighbor's ear,
And round and round it goes,
In whispers far and near;
And round and round it goes
In echoes far and high,
The word "*St. Helena*,"
And France the battle cry.

This is the great parade
That every midnight yields;
Which the great Cæsar holds
In the Elysian fields.

SHADOWS.

I stood upon some cloud-cliffed height and gazed forth into night. Darkness rolled beneath my feet, and as wave dashed upon wave, dense vapors escaped their folds and shot far on high; shade and shadow taking form of substance and mingling in the mystic round. Choral shouts awoke the slumbering echoes that started into life and song; symphony arose upon symphony, harmony settled upon harmony, and one grand orchestral burst quivered through the temple of night.

Louder and louder rang the choral shouts, and heaven's deep arches thundered a response. Strangely mingled shade and shadow over that tessellated floor; for night was abroad, walking in her mysteries.

Then the music died away, and the retreating, trembling echoes vanished with a murmured farewell, that merged into midnight's melody of silence. The pale chaste moon stepped forth from her chamber and smiled upon the scene, but the shades drew on their silver caps and vanished.

"I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls;—
I saw her sable skirts, all fringed with light
From the celestial walls."

I looked again: the scene had changed. The last rustle of her robe had died away, and the queen of night had departed. With her the sable shadows retired, and distant hills, like sentinels proclaiming the departing hours, each with their title and rank, lowly chimed the regal, midnight twelve. My very being left me, and as the substance of earthy mould stood upon that dark frowning height and gazed, isolated as it were from life and light, into night, my soul sought repose in the quiet vale below. Instinctively I asked:—

Spirit, why and whither wanderest?
Oft times I leave thee, mortal, to ascend
Into the purer atmosphere of heaven;—
And oft through dewy paths of morn, I wend
My footsteps back from life's approaching even,
I cannot tell thee whither,
Mortal dull, ask memory.

Spirit! whither wanderest thou?
 Through every path of life;—the grave, the glad;
 On every mountain height of joy I listen,
 In every valley where the heart grows sad,
 Through sunset's glow, where placid waters glisten:
 I wander by their gentle flow,
 And tread the isle, the Long Ago.
 But whither wanderest thou so far?
 Ask Faith, ask Hope, my guiding star.

Say, gentle spirit! whither, why?
 A passing murmur gave reply,
 On, on, forever on. Planets grown dark
 In the far flowing sea of time, knew not
 My birth; and I shall see the latent spark
 Though yet unborn, fade in oblivion's blot.
 On, on, forever on,
 Systems fading shall be gone;—
 Busy time
 With noiseless rhyme,
 Shall cease his mirth
 Beyond the earth:—
 Forever buried in the sea
 Of dark and deep eternity.
 But curious mortal, would'st thou know
 Why I wander here below.
 Yon giddy height, that scarce the keenest eye
 Can scan, so nears it's brow the studded sky,
 That like a monarch crowned of old, it seems
 A Titan spectre from the land of dreams?
 Would'st thou question my intent,
 And ask my wandering footsteps whither?
 I seek that vale; repose my bent;
 Sister spirits call me thither.

I looked again on the scene. The queen, with countless train, that swept the sky, shot her silver arrows down the steep, and revealed strange forms of busy beings.

A temple reared in radiant realm, and stretching its wide base far into the future, stood on the moon-lit shore of a broad surging river. Won by the skies, each lofty spire and minaret, wreathed in light, towered upward. And the rich air, haunted by many a breeze-rocked flower, sang sweet melody.

I heard swift pæans and loud anthems echo from the ceaseless choir: and memories chanting lowly, softly, the hymn of buried years. That river shore, bathed in mellow light, seemed like a chancel holy, baptized in balm from lilies' ceu-

ser bells. Around that shrine crowded countless worshippers; wreathy ripples from Hope's singing isles, and vestals of Faith kneeling in sweet vespers, and dim tapers of Memory, burning with light of other days.

Then chimed the bells that woke the morn of Eden, and footsteps hurried to that temple's portals. The blaze of countless torches, that Fame and Honor lighted on their altar, streamed in colored forms through the aisles and arches of the grand old temple, and as they contended with columns and statues and niches, they lengthened into strange, undefined shadows, that danced mysteriously on the walls.

Leave the busy throng of royalty and pomp that glide noiselessly here and there, through the crowded aisles, and view awhile that sad picture which Vice so faintly shows. Look through those melancholy shades, out upon the great world.

Shadows gathering thicker, heavier above the bosom of the wide, eternal sea. Harken as it seems to whisper tender demonstrations, and they press closer to its heaving, agitated breast. They have blotted out the gentle eyes of the pure and faithful stars, and now they amorously woo the white-faced waves to rest within their dark and circling arms.

Shadows hovering thick and gloomy over the crushed hearts of a father and mother, lamenting their first-born. More than a year ago he sailed away, and ah me! no tidings, no tidings yet!

More than a year ago!

The hopes that glimmered faintly in their bosoms have gone out, and there they sit to-night, moaning, despairing.

The fire is quenched upon the hearth-stone, and the wind that shrieked so loudly and mockingly this afternoon, has fallen dead upon the door-sill. The boy was bold and courageous, and the hearts of the parents were bound up in him. Alas! alas for them!

Away, away from each other,—away, away from Heaven, their fond thoughts drifted in the wake of the vessel, bounding on and on; and woe, woe, never towards home. The silvery footsteps of the noble ship faded from the seas, long, long ago, and as the mighty shadows rise and “flap their broad wings o'er the wave,” so do the shades at the hearth-stone nestle

upon the souls faint with their great despair. Only God can rescue him and them, and with the sudden thought they fall upon their knees. "Spare the child's life," murmured the lips of the agonized mother. "Spare the child's life," burst from the despairing heart of the father; and as if in answer to their prayer, a hasty step is heard along the gravel walk by the low window of the darkened room, a noisy tap upon its pane, a light and silvery boyish laugh, coming, it seems, to the beating hearts of the parents from the shadows heaped so thickly around them, and the child, the boy, their idol, is there at the door within their arms. And as "thank God," "thank God," bursts from their trembling lips, a small figure rushes forward and throws fresh fuel on the smouldering fire. It has golden curls and great blue eyes, and the group standing together as one body, think it a spirit, and shriek aloud. But as the blaze kindles and shines upon its face, the shadows hustle conquered and ashamed from the room, and they all see, the parents and the returned wanderer, that it is their child, his little sister, who had been hid in a far corner, a deep but silent sympathizer of the despair that weighed them down so heavily.

The yellow flames dance merrily upon the hearth-stone, ever and anon sending their red tongues far up the dark chimney, as if bent upon scattering the last shade lingering there. They shine upon the jetty curls of the boy as he sits at the hastily spread table, recounting the shipwrecks and perils through which he has passed. They dart and sparkle upon his dark lashes and the roguish eyes beneath, and as he eats and eats, with merry laugh he boasts, "he shall soon be off again." The mother gazes at him proudly, but with the big tears streaming down her cheek, and the father, with his brown hand pressed upon his face, looks at his idol. The flames upon the hearth have danced and flickered and blazed until they are worn out, and the red coals wink and wink as though tired of the talk to which the parents could listen forever.

But the boy is getting weary, and with tender kisses and whispered "good nights" they all go up the little staircase together and separate once more.

"It is only for the night," says the father, and is soon in the land of dreams. But the mother, *she* cannot sleep.

No, no. She must hover round her darling.

She lays herself down until she fancies they are all asleep, and then creeps softly, so softly, from her husband's side to the floor. She gets a light and does not see the child's, the little girl's great blue eyes wide open, staring at her as she glides, with bare feet, to the bedside of her boy.

There he is, there is her treasure, blessed reality, in his own little bed and beneath her roof, and she, she is permitted once more to bend over him.

A mistress would have gazed at his face or his form, but his mother, she stoops to the hand that lies clenched and heavy outside the bed. Alas, alas! How has it changed since it used to lay like the leaf of a lily upon her bosom. It is hard now, and brown with toil, but they are the same whose little touch once thrilled her very soul with a joy so sweet that it became a pain.

She shades the light with her hand, and lifts her eyes tenderly to the white forehead that shone like a star beneath the dark clouds of hair, curling lovingly around it. The mother felt the influence of that royalty of beauty, and bowed herself in idolatry before it.

Those lips, that curled so haughtily even in sleep, were those indeed the same whose baby pressure had so thrilled her breast?

Were those feet the same she had held in her hands and to her throbbing breast a thousand times? the same, the same. They had wandered in foreign lands and trod a distant soil. O! had they never walked in wild, forbidden paths? As this fear trembled in that mother's breast, a shadow leaped up and danced merrily on the wall. It darkened the features of the sleeping sailor boy, who lay bathed in a mother's love, as a rich flower in dew. And when, with a farewell shower of kisses light as leaves upon his brow, she left his bedside, it frowned at and menaced her from a distance.

The iron heels of tireless old Time have trampled upon and scarred the faces of the parents since we saw them last. Again the shadows stalk triumphantly around their dwelling. Alas, alas, never to be dispelled. Ah, me, that ever a shadow

should rise so black as the one that now stands day and night, night and day, by their side. Terrific, stern, pitiless as Death, it follows, it mocks, it defies them.

Vainly the generous sun rains down his brightest and most piercing rays. Vainly the pitying moon gathers her host of stars and bids them shoot their silver arrows fast and full against it. Still it is there, giant-like and tall, nor Earth nor Heaven moves it.

Wise men have preached, and good men have prayed, yet it remains, threatening not only the parents, but, O deliverance of Heaven, extending its black shade over the whole world. It is there in the palace of kings, it is there in the hut of the peasant, and it is there in the deep blue seas. It triumphs on the sea and murders on the land. Shout its black name, O Heaven, and catch up the echo, O Earth. O ye strong ones, with strong arms and strong hearts, rise up in your strength and cast the demon Intemperance back to his homestead, Hell. Then only will the shadows flee.

Again and again the boy sailed upon the salt seas, again and again returned. At last he came with a look in his eyes which sped like a thunderbolt to the bosoms of those who loved him. In vain did the father reason and the mother weep; vain, vain, were the prayers of both. The mighty arms of Intemperance were twined around soul and body, and tears and prayers could not sunder them. Not home, not love, not friends are strong enough to break the cords that bind the once noble sailor to the tyrant whose shadow triumphs where once was joy and sunshine.

Woe, woe that the boy's life was spared. Woe, woe, that they left it not to the Almighty, the Far-seeing, to do with the child as he would. Carefully father and mother, carefully, how you pray for the nestlings of your flock. . . .

Merrily, merrily, the shadows dance, all day long, with the giant in their midst.

The little girl with great blue eyes and yellow hair had fled from her home, scared by the darkness, which not even her brother's return can drive away.

Alas, it is thicker when he is there.

No light in the eyes of her parents, no light on the gloomy hearthstone.

They are rolling in from the seas ; they are coming down from the hills, they are pressing in at the doors, they are gliding through the windows. What are? Shadows black and foul. Vainly, soft child, with thy love-pining soul, vainly thou fledst from thy early home. They are even with thee, they rest on thy youthful brow, they peer in thy mournful eyes. They curl round thy trembling feet. O will they never pass away?

Let the big tear-drop fall for her whose life was but a dream. No more wring thy little hands nor stretch forth thy yearning arms. Thou art gone from our gaze.

A shade dances o'er thy hillocked home by the little chapel, but happiness lives up in Heaven.

They are rushing in by the doors, they are fleeing fast through the windows, they crowd round that little bed.

Shadows thick and heavy.

There once lay the noble sailor boy, and a mother's love shone o'er him. There now lies a mangled and bleeding form, still a mother's love bends o'er him, sad and burning.

Intemperance has done its work, and brought the willing victim low.

See the shadows stooping low with their ghastly smiles. A light gleams from above. They start aghast. It is a bright form with great blue eyes and yellow hair. See, it beckons, smiles, and is gone. Said I not "happiness" lives up in Heaven.

O what a holy love burns within that mother's breast as she gazes upon her boy in agony. He reaches forth his hand, quick, O mother, to take it. Sailor-boy, even now behind thee stands the great destroyer. His shadow is o'er thee, and thou seest it not.

Woe, woe for the loves of earth.

Gene, and darkness again in thy dwelling, hideous and foul, on thy stricken heart.

In that temple of time I gazed sadly, mournfully, at the picture, and as the shades lengthened into misty forms I turned sorrowfully away. The blazing lights around the altar of Fame burned low, and the choral symphonies died away into lowly silence. Even the temple vanished, and the broad river and the rocky height, for morn beat her loud reveille and ushered in a flood of golden light. *Hall*
ITS VICTIM LOW.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

A REMINISCENCE OF VACATION.

It was Christmas night, about eleven o'clock. My friend Apollo, and I were groaning over the intolerable dullness of the dreary days of the winter vacation, and especially of this day, which we were wont to spend so happily with loved and loving ones at home. It had rained or snowed incessantly ever since examinations, and the whole Hill had become one almost impassable swamp.

There had been no sleigh-rides, no parties, no skating, no hunting. Everybody and everything seemed to sympathize with the gloominess of the weather. The old forests moaned drearily beneath the damp west wind. The Kokosing's usually clear and placid stream had overflowed its banks and covered half the valley with its muddy waters. Rosse Chapel's cold Ionic front frowned sternly upon the valley beneath, which scowled sullenly back in return. Old Kenyon's massive walls and prim Elizabethan spires looked colder and more forbidding than ever. The sound of footsteps echoed drearily through the deserted halls and classrooms, and here and there might be found little groups of homesick looking students, trying to "drive dull care away," but succeeding bad enough. The College Park, so lately resounding with the brisk and rapid tread of many youthful feet, with careless songs and joyous shouts, was silent and deserted.

Breakfast, dinner, supper and the mail made up the daily catalogue of events. Letters came from friends and class-mates at home, full of high and cheerful spirits, and papers, telling of the joyous festivities of the "merry holydays." Alas! they were anything but merry to us. We thought of loved, familiar scenes, and bright, happy faces at home, and the gloomy winter days seemed gloomier still with the unwonted contrast.

My friend and I, as I said, had been groaning over the *ennui* of vacation. It was against our principles to study—for vacation is given for rest and recreation, and we could not think of making an illegitimate use of it—the weather had prevented all out-door amusements, and one cannot read continually, especially in vacation, and more particularly still, in the holydays. In fact, we felt desperate. Excitement of some kind we must have. We

felt that it would be dangerous for us to remain much longer without it.

I walked to the window and gazed vacantly into the gloom, and at the feeble, glimmering lights on the "Hill." It had grown colder, and the ground was already frozen. The moon shed a faint, grey light through the thin, low clouds, which were hurrying towards the east. A thought struck me. "Apollo," said I, "lets have some fun." "Fun!" he repeated, savagely, as though the bare suggestion of such a thing, at such a time, were insulting.

"Yes," I repeated, confidently, "let's have some fun. Let's go and carry off all the gates and sign-boards, and play smash generally." "Yes," said he, morosely, "lug gates and Chapel benches all night, and then be facultized for it next morning! I don't see much fun in that." My friend was probably thinking of a similar adventure about a year before, in which he, with some fifteen or twenty others, had carried off and concealed the Chapel reading-desk and benches, together with a number of gates. They had managed the thing so badly, however, as to be detected, and the reduced state of his finances just at this time, reminded him feelingly of the dollar and a half which he had to pay as his share of the damages.

I entered into a somewhat elaborate course of argument,—unanswerable, as I considered it,—showing that the fun consisted in executing successfully a feat of the kind without detection, and enjoying the chagrin and wonderment of the sufferers as to the perpetrators, next day. "At least," I continued, "it will wake us up a little, and give us some exercise besides." My remarks had their desired effect. Apollo slowly assumed a posture at right angles to that which he had maintained for the last four or five hours, laid down his "Meershaum," and silently began to disguise himself in an antique overcoat and battered slouched hat. At length he said, "two us can't do much, and its no fun without a crowd." I agreed that we must have company, but protested against more than three or four picked men. After some discussion, we fixed upon two individuals, upon whose caution and shrewdness we might depend, and proceeded to apprize them of our plans. We found them equally ready with ourselves, for any adventure,—be it fun or anything else,—to give vent to the accumulated animal spirits. While our two friends were executing precautionary measures, lest some wakeful Professor or citizen might observe and identify us while engaged in our maraudings, we burglariously entered an adjoining room, and possessed ourselves of a couple of hatchets

and a screw-driver. Experience had taught most of the denizens of the "Hill" the superiority of hinges securely fastened on with screws, over those old-fashioned ones, consisting of a pin and socket. Hence the provision of the last mentioned article.

At the hour "when spirits walk abroad," we sallied forth, a motley crew. Silently and rapidly we proceeded to the "Asylum," and removed the ponderous gates which guard its avenues. Lights were yet burning in a neighboring mansion, known as the "Smithsonian Institute." A small company had been assembled there, and a few still lingered. Though in imminent danger of detection,—the very danger adding piquancy to the exploit,—we removed all the gates around the spacious grounds, and concealed them in a field near by. The "White House," just opposite, escaped. All the gates attached were put on with screws, and our screw-driver, having probably seen hard service of a similar kind before, turned in its handle, and was useless.

And so we proceeded around the quiet village and the College Park. One ingenious citizen, as he doubtless supposed, had effectually secured his gates, of which some four or five surrounded his premises, by driving large spikes above the hinges. A few blows of a hatchet, however, bent them to one side, and we carried off the gates triumphantly. Even the belligerent landlord of the "Riley House," and the veteran dispenser of savory bivalves and refreshing ices, did not escape. We removed the sign which had so long adorned the entrance to that much frequented spot, the Post Office, and placed it above the door of a well-known office near Rosse Chapel. Two or three gates, which were on College property, and which resisted gentler means, we tore from their fastenings by main force, twisting off iron hinges, and splintering oaken posts, deeming it no harm to effect such destruction, seeing that the expense of repairing would be taken from the student's "deposite to cover incidental damages," or, in College parlance, "damage money." The doors of the examination rooms in the basement stood temptingly open as we returned collegeward, and we went in, if haply we might desery something upon which to lay marauding hands. Several black-boards stood there, still covered with hieroglyphics traced by the trembling hands of embarrassed Freshmen and careless Sophs, under the august eyes of the examining "Board." These we arranged in spectral rank and file upon the College walk, covered with emblematic devices and defiant challenges to detect the perpetrators.

During our maraudings, while laboring at the hinges of an ob-

stinately resisting gate in front of the residence of the venerable namesake of Rome's most famous orator, we discovered two figures creeping stealthily towards us through the gloom. We gave the alarm at once and fled, dispersing in different directions, the better to elude pursuit. Their pedestrian powers, however, proved to be too much for one of our number, whom they rapidly gained upon, and recognizing his figure, called to him by name to stop. Recognizing the voices of two well-known students, he did so, and the rest of us crept from our hiding places, acknowledging the "sell." They (fortunate and happy fellows!) had been spending a delightful evening with the ladies, and, in consequence, disdaining so low a species of amusement, or through fear of soiling their "nice clothes," declined our urgent invitation to join us.

All this was accomplished in the space of an hour and a half. We slept soundly enough that night, arose at a late hour (even for vacation) next morning, and were much mystified as any one as to the perpetrators.

But methinks I hear some intensely practical and withal somewhat cynical individual inquiring "where is the fun in all this? What was the use? *Cui bono?* Running about the Hill at midnight, while honest people were abed, carrying off and hiding their gates, and causing them much trouble and vexation of spirit in searching for their purloined chattels?"

Hast thou never been young thyself, good reader? Hast never been a student? Knowest thou not that the blood courses swiftly in the veins of youth, impatient of restraint and inactivity—that youth acts first and reflects afterwards? Hast thou not read of the boyish pranks and mischief and the noble manhood of the heroic Kane? Hast thou forgotten the wild and wayward boyhood of Hedly Vicars and Adoniram Judson?

But let it not be understood that I would fully justify these outbreaks of youthful restlessness. It is certainly wrong to injure others, be the injury never so slight or easily repaired. But it is malice aforethought which chiefly constitutes the guilt of an action. It can make but little difference to the sufferer, it is true, whether the injury is done in malice or thoughtlessness; yet, considered as to the morality of the act itself, it is certainly far less reprehensible. The unscrupulousness of students as a class, in certain particulars, is notorious; yet, they possess a high-toned sense of honor, which scorns an action considered mean or dishonorable. Theft perpetrated upon a fellow-student, is almost an unheard of thing in College annals. He who would clandestinely

try to discover private or society secrets, would find his future position in College insupportable, even were he as thick-skinned as a hippopotamus. The most zealous aspirant for College honors would scorn to take an unfair advantage of a rival.

And yet, actions which maturer judgment condemns, are sanctioned and applauded.

It is true that the code of College honor is defective in many particulars, but its errors are those of judgment, not of wilful wrong-doing.

"Boys will be boys" until the end of time, as they always have been since the race has had a history. We have every reason to believe that Young Patriarchism and Young Israel were as ungovernable as Young America, and so down through the intervening centuries.

These youthful outbreaks are not altogether useless or pernicious. They are like occasional thunderstorms, which, although they sometimes destroy life and property, yet purify and restore a healthful equilibrium to the atmosphere.

Editors' Table.

As our editorial career progresses, we realize all the more forcibly the fact, that while there are not a few trials and difficulties peculiar to our position, there are connected with it, at the same time, many pleasures calculated greatly to encourage us in the discharge of our arduous duties. Among these is the perusal of the letters which occasionally come to us from friends abroad, and which assure us of the cordial sympathy of large and generous hearts. We have before us now, two communications,—we beg the writer's pardon for not noticing them sooner,—from our friend "REDSTICK," which came to us like cheering sunbeams from the distant "Sunny-Land" where he has his home. The first of these, written so long ago as September of last year, did much, we need scarcely say, to nerve and strengthen our hands, then so entirely unaccustomed to the "pen, paste and scissors." This is the concluding portion of the letter:—

"You are about to commence the duties of an editorial career; and may you find its labors not only a relaxation from the routine of college duties, but a pleasure in themselves. Kind and earnest wishes are expressed for your success in furthering the growing reputation of the COLLEGIAN, and in heralding the fame of Kenyon College, the Yale of the West. Remember ever that

'Life is short and art is long,'
So the poet true hath said,

While his richest sweetest song
Sounds still sweeter, now he's dead.

'So with all! The pen, the sword,
And the sculptor's chisel too;
Like a volume richly stored,
Seeming richer when read through.'

"REDSTICK's" second communication reached us in November. He had received and read the COLLEGIAN for October, and expresses such an opinion of its pages as modesty will not permit us to repeat. We transcribe a single paragraph to show with what affection a graduate of Kenyon, after knocking about for years in the busy world, regards his *Alma Mater* :—

"Glad, right glad do I feel in hearing of the increased prosperity of Kenyon. Its gray stone walls will never grow less dear, its pleasant scenes and reminiscences never fade from my memory; Ah! Kenyon!

'Thy bowers are fair e'en as Eden fair
All the beloved of my boyhood are there,
The forms my soul most pines to see,
The eyes whose love has been life to me.'

We hope to hear from "Redstick" again, and also from the writer of the following communication which we have just received, and which will be pronounced decidedly "characteristic" by those of our readers who recognize the initials at the end :—

"DEAR MAGA :—In the "Table" of your Jan. Number, I noticed in the piece entitled "Two years ago" a paragraph, which if not intended, hit nearer home than perhaps you may imagine. It runs thus: "In the Parlor &c." The picture is so life like, and touches the heart strings of a *two year old* Senior with such force that he cannot restrain the tones arising from their vibrations.

We do indeed sit in the Parlor of our own cottage, papers on our table there are none, and of books, two only remain. The one, Elements of Logic, and the other our beloved Maga opened at the paragraph referred to. Two years have made a great change. Then I sat in what was my "Paradise Regained" little thinking of the Paradise I now enjoy,—near by I hear the busy click of the needle, worked by busy hands making dresses for the little one, and the gentle breathing of the little innocent who sleeps the sleep of peace, upon whose lips plays a sweet smile assuring us that angels are hovering around its little couch, to guard their flocks by night.

But let us change the picture. When I first sat down to talk with Kenyon and its associations, being No. 1 sat in his easy chair reading the COLLEGIAN and taking all the comfort in the world, while being No. 2 (not second in quality or quantity, but only for distinction) stood by the side of No. 1, holding being No. 3, who was greatly interested in the pages of the COLLEGIAN, which she showed by sundry clawings, scratchings, pullings and cooings, much to the amusement of No. 2, and *greatly to the comfort and advantage* of No. 1. But there is an old saying, that every bitter has its sweet, which is true, for if I cannot read my COLLEGIAN while baby is awake, I can while she sleeps, and read it with pleasure I do—so fare-thee-well, and may you realize your picture to its extent, is the wish of
A. A. B."

We assure our friend "A. A. B.," that while our remarks concerning the

one
"College Parlor &c," had reference, originally, to another, they were intended, nevertheless for himself, and for every true and faithful *Kenyonian* who is blessed as he is.

TO SUBSCRIBERS!—We wish to call the attention of a large proportion of our subscribers to the fact, that the amount of their subscriptions still remains unpaid—in many cases, ever since the first issue of our Magazine. Our subscription list, if every dollar was collected, is little more than sufficient to meet the expense of publication, and at least one-half is still standing on our books. The *COLLEGIAN* is conducted exclusively by students, chosen annually by their predecessors, from the Senior class. The Editors derive no pecuniary profit whatever from it, but a certain amount is, of course, absolutely necessary to pay the publisher for his time and material. This amount, during the present and the past Collegiate years, we have failed to obtain; although amply sufficient is due us, to make up arrearages and carry the enterprise successfully on. We believe that such a Publication as ours is an advantage to the institution which it represents, in many ways, and deserves to be supported. In view of the rapidly increasing numbers of Students, Graduates, and other friends of *KENYON COLLEGE*, we think we have reason to expect a sufficient interest in the success of our Magazine, to enable us to continue it without interruption. Unless the greater part of what is due us is immediately paid, or our subscription list considerably increases, we do not see how it can possibly be carried through the year. We have no doubt, however, that our subscribers and others will at once respond to this appeal, and both themselves and the Editors be saved from the disgrace consequent upon its failure.

Gray
The bills of subscribers living at a distance will be enclosed in the present number, and those of persons residing on the "Hill" will be presented by a collector.

Hill
EXCHANGES.—We have received the "Yale Literary," "Knox Collegiate," "Oakland Magazine," "Denisonian," "Iowa Medical Journal," and "Mt. Vernon Banner." Some of our exchanges have not reached us for a great while. Is Uncle Sammy to blame or our Collegiate Brethren? Our list heretofore has been very full, but lately there seems to be rather a vacancy on our table. Let us pry into the matter and see where the fault lies.

Hill
We owe our readers an apology for the delay in the publication of our last two numbers. It has been owing to the want of sufficient force in the office, caused by the absence of our Publisher's pressman, whose place could not be supplied until the work had gone considerably behind. We hope, however, to be more punctual in future.